THE

PRODIGAL SON

IN

VIEW;

Taken from St *LUKE*, Chap. XV.

SHEWING,

I. His Disobedience.
II. His Prodigality with Harlots, &c.
III. His Poverty and Repentance.
IV. His Return and Reception; which shews what Love God hath for returning and penitent Sinners.

To which is added,

AN

EXPOSTULATION

WITH

LOT's WIFE.

(In Verse.)

Usher'd in with an Account of the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Neighbouring Towns and Villages on the Plains of Jordan.

Newcastle: Printed in this present Year.

TO THE READER.

RAshness and Arrogance, I know,
Will to my Charge be laid,
To Comment on the Sacred Text,
Because I have assay'd;
For lo! to Levites *Reverend Tribe*
And not to every Swain,
To meddle with those Holy Things,
Doth properly pertain.
Yet since some Lay-men now- a-days
In Publick Preach and Pray,
I see no Reason but my Muse,
Should go mad well as they:
And so she shall, (but doth not now,)
For though she here rehearse,
The Story of th'unthrifty Son,
(The Prodigal) in Verse;
Only the superficial Part,
She handles in her Lines
And leaves the Morals modestly,
Unto our grave Divines.

MUSE

The PRODIGAL SON, *Luke* XV.

The ARGUMENT.

The Prodigal his Portion first demands;
Which being paid him, into foreign Lands
The Gallant hies; Consumes it there; and then,
My Gentleman goes sneaking Home again
To his indulgent Father; and laments
His late lewd Courses; these be the Contents.

LO! in the Days of Old (I cannot tell,
Just how long since) a certain Man did dwell
No Matter where, nor yet what name he bore
Such Things my Sacred Author passeth o'er
But two Sons had he: Th' Elder of the twain
Was a Penurious Wretch, and all for gain;
A hide bound Thief, to what he had a Slave,
And one of whom, there never Man could save.
The other Brother was the other Way
As far, or further. This upon a Day,
Unto his Reverend Father's Chamber comes,
And at the Door, he must uncivil Drums;
The Old Man opens more than half afraid,
To whom the Son in saucy Manner said;
Come, I am come, my Portion to demand,
Then what you aim me, give me out of Hand;
I am informed, you say, I wax too wild,
And that I am a disobedient Child;

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What e'er I be, I do not long intend,
To trouble you; then let us make an End.
This Country ſuits not with my mighty Mind,
I muſt Abroad; I'll try what I can find
In other Climates, where I may perchance
Myſelf unto ſome Lordly Place advance;
But let that paſs, and let what will enſue,
I mean no more to truckle under you:
I ſcorn you ſhould with this or that upbraid me,
Then let my Portion inſtantly be paid me.

I. His Diſobedience.

WHICH ſurly Tale, when as the Son had told,
The Aged Sire who weeping ſcarcely could
Forbear, forbore to anſwer him at all,
But only ſighing walked out, to call
In two ſubſtantial Neighbours, com'n before
Them, and his truſty Steward, all his ſtore
'Twixt theſe his Sons, he equally divides:
The Younger hopeful ſhortly after Rides
Bravely attended to ſtrange Lands, and there
He falls a Ranging, and doth Domineer:
He Blade like wagges in the neweſt Faſhions,
Wine, and ſweet Wenches, are his Recreations,
A Crew of Sharks, compoſed of Deceit,
Quotidianly upon his Worſhip wait;
Who ſooth him up, and tell him he may ſpend
Crown after Crown, his Caſh will ne'er have end,
And now and then to paſs the time away;
They get him at the Cards, or Dice to play
A Game or two; yea ten to one, before
The ſelf-conceited Novice will give o'er,
Cheat him of Handfuls, by a Combination,
They, much what after the Halifaxian Faſhion,
Which afterwards amongſt themſelves they ſhare,
So, by Fools Purſes, Knaves maintained are;

In

Invisibly of him an Ass they make,
For still his Wisdom them for Friends doth take:
And lo! if any Him presume t'affront,
They all start up, and draw their Swords upon't,
Swearing great huge Drum-major Oaths that they
Will die, e'er he be wronged any way.
Which words so tickle him, that to the Walls
The Flaggons fly, and loud the Gallant calls
For more old Stingo, which is brought, a Quart
Then up he takes, and says, With all my Heart,
My honest Lads, here's to ye, call for Sack,
Or what you please, we all at once will lack.
Then duck they down, and each with Hat in Hand
Cries, I'm your Servant at command.
No, I am yours, the Prodigal replies;
When lo a sent for Whore, in modest wise,
Comes sweeping in, and low Obeisance makes,
To this young Thraso all on Fire, who takes
Her by the Hand, and pulls her to his Knee;
He kiss; and blush, for Fashion sake, did she.
They pass the Time in amorous Chat; and then,
He giving tacit Orders to his Men
To'void the Room himself quite void of Shame
Did, what my modest Muses blush to name.

II. *His Prodigality.*

SUCH Company as this he did frequent,
Till he had all his Patrimony spent.
About which Season, in that fatal Land,
Behold there rose a mighty Famine, and
Into the Hands of woful Want he fell,
Of whose hard Usage having tasted well,
Being yet asham'd to beg, or to purloin
He to a certain Citizen did join
His wretched self. This Citizen, instead
Of high Preferment which his idle Head

But lately dream'd of deign'd him so much Grace,
As to admit him to a Swineherds Place
With much ado. I do and must confess,
'Twas but a paltry Office, nev'rtheless
It was an Office as the Wise aver it,
For all the World, just fitted to his Merit.
Observe the change. This Fellow, who of late,
At Bed and Board was waited on in State,
Now forced is, Oh! see the Fruits of Sin,
To wait on Swine, both thorough thick and thin,
And is so very hungry, that he would
Full fain, with Them, have eaten Husks, but could
Not leave obtain, his silly Life to save;
For, saith my Author, no Man to him gave.
Their Happiness he envies, and his own
Mishap bewails; and sitting sadly down.
A little off his most remorseless Mates,
Turns up his Eyes, and thus he ruminates;
To what a pass, thinks he, am I now brought,
That God hath found me, whom I never sought,
And to myself again myself, I from
Have lately been, now I begin to come.
The vulgar Proverb to be true, I grant,
Ah! wilful waste, breeds over woeful want;
I mind it now: Now, when it is almost
Too late, and I my precious time have lost.
How many Servants at my Father's are
Meal after Meal, set up with dainty Fare,
Whilst I starve here with Hunger! I'll arise
And to my Father go, and in this wise
Will say unto him: Father, I have sinn'd
'Gainst Heaven and Thee, and merit to be twin'd,
From thy Affection; Yea, I have misdone
So, I'm not worthy to be call'd thy Son,
For all those things, yet do not quite forsake me,
But as thy hired Servant deign to make me.
To and again, he having thus revolved,
He, weakly rising from the Ground, resolved
To settle homewards; yet before he go,
He'll try his quondam-Comrades what they'll do.

To help him end-ways, now when he is poor,
In lieu of all his Bounty, heretofore:
But not a Rogue amongſt them did relieve him
With Bit or Sup, or one good Word would give him,
Or friendly Look; but all ungrateful turned
Their backs upon him, when for Bread he mourned.

III. His Poverty and Repentance.

THIS nuper-Noble to himſelf thus left,
Of Coin, Friends, Comfort, and all bereſt,
Begins to foot it homewards, at the laſt,
Whence he departed lately in ſuch haſte,
And in ſuch huge Magnificence, but all
Men know th'old Proverb, pride muſt have a Fall.
Now long was it, e'er he reached to
His native Country, and no Wonder tho';
For wet, and weary, thorough thick and thin,
He weakly waded, nightly, to his Inn;
Where he was lightly looked at, as he went,
Though he his money laviſhly had ſpent,
With every hoſt; but ne'er an Hoſt would now
Him for a Lodging, an old Lathe allow.
Or deign him Bread and Water, to ſuſtain
His feeble Carcaſs; therefore he was fain
To quarter under Hedges, and to Dine
On Hips and Haws, inſtead of Banquets fine:
Such wholeſome Diſhes as he once diſdain'd,
Would, paſt perhaps, have now been entertain'd
With Thanks, to boot; tho' then they would not down:
But now, to underſtand himſelf he's grown.
He came to this. And happy ſure they are,
Whom other Mens Miſhaps do make beware.
At length, one lucky Evening, when the Skies
Were pretty clear, he from a Hill diſcries
His Father's Grange, haps ſomewhat like, in all,
That pleaſant Seat we Halſteds Rooley call,
A joyful Object was it; for the Sight
Thereof revived him, and yet, that Night

Recover it he could not: But once more
Was forc'd to take his Lodging forth 'oth' Door.
However, in the Morning, when the Sun
To Climb that Climates Hemiſphere begun,
He rowſes up his loathſome Carcaſs, ſhakes
His Lowſie Tattars, and then homewards makes.
But low he being yet far off, his Father
Eſpying him, runs nay, he flieth rather,
Upon the Wings of Love and joy and meets him,
Weeps falls on's Neck, and kiſſes, then greets him
With gentle Language, whilſt the Son doth cry,
Father, dear Father, I acknowledge I,
'Gainſt Heaven and Thee ſo foully have miſdone,
I'm no more worthy to be call'd thy Son.

IV. His Return and kind Reception, which ſhews what love God hath for Returning and Penitent Sinners,

THE good old Man, not only heard, but heeded
Each Word, which from his humbled Son proceeded
Says little, tho' upbraids him not with what
He waſted had: For, well he wiſt, that that
Would do no good, but drive him to Deſpair;
Therefore as yet he ſpeaks him too, too fair,
Seems as he had forgot Things; calls upon
One of his Servants, ſays unto him, Run
And bring the beſt Robe hither: Alſo, bring
Shoes for his Feet, and for his Hand a Ring:
Down with yon fatted Calf, and get it Dreſt,
And tell my honeſt Neighbours I requeſt
Them, and their Wives, to Sup with me believe,
For this my Son was dead, and is alive;
Was loſt poor Lad but he again is found,
And lo! at laſt I have him ſafe and ſound;
I'd therefore have them to rejoice with me,
And let us Eat and Drink, and merry be.
Do this moreover, which will ſoon be done
Cauſe ſome light Stripling inſtantly to run,

And

And ſeek out quint Muſicians, Men of Skill,
I mean to have a Night on't, and I will,
No Ruffians tho', ſhall come my Gates within,
We may be merry, but we may not ſin.
Of all this News the Elder Brother knew,
Nothing at all; for he was gone to view,
The Goods and Grounds, and tarried there till Night;
Belike, ſtill ſtudying how the Dule he might
Contrive new Ways more Niggard-like to live,
Or, to ſome ſilly Ruſtick, how to give
The Dog to hold; or how the feeble Poor
To grind the Faces of as heretofore.
There is a Golden mean which now-a-days,
Men do not practiſe half ſo much as praiſe;
For either, like the Subject of our Verſe,
They for the moſt Part, all they have diſperſe:
Or, like his Brother, of the baſer Mould
They, by their Good-wills, part with nothing would.
Now th' Elder Brother, Home returning hears
A Set of Muſic ſounding in his Ears:
He alſo hears approaching nigh the door
The Cap'ring Dancers Foot it on the Floor:
He marvels what it means; and therefore calls,
One of his Servants, asketh how it befals.
Why thus it is, quoth he, your Brother from
A far off Country, back in Health is come,
And that's the Reaſon, and nought elſe I vow,
Your Father makes us make ſo merry now;
The fatted Calf is kill'd, and all for fain,
He hath receiv'd him ſafe and ſound again.
Hereat the Churl was vexed ſo, that he,
Neither for back nor edge would treated be,
To venture in; much leſs, in friendly Faſhion,
Join with his Neighbours in Congratulation.
But then the Father, when he was inform'd,
How at their Mirth this Elder Brother ſtorm'd,
Steps forth himſelf, in ſober manner, to him,
And to walk in moſt earneſtly doth woo him.
Content yourſelf the Refractory Son,
Replies I will not by your Words be won

To

To go within; I'll rather go without
Your Bleſſing, wander all the World about,
As he has done, and many a Novice more
And ſee what in the Antipodes they do,
Then ſhew myſelf ſo ſilly, as to be
Spectator of your fooliſh Fidling Glee:
Do what you pleaſe, go none within will I,
Theſe many Years, I've ſerved you faithfully,
Never tranſgreſſing, to this very Day
Your Precepts, as, I hope, yourſelf will ſay:
Yet to my beſt Remembrance you ne'er did,
Beſtow upon me ſo much as a Kid,
One ſilly Kid to ſhare among my Friends:
But now, your Bounty her old Bounds tranſcends:
For lo! within your too-wide-open Doors,
No ſooner peeps yon Fop, who hath on Whores
Spent all your Living, or at leaſt the half,
But you forſooth, muſt kill the fatted Calf,
To welcome home his Lordſhip: Ha! a Pox
On this Indulgency; a Whip and Stocks
Had been far fitter, than to entertain him
With ſuch a Banquet, as they ſay, you deign him;
I trow my young Men taſted no ſuch Chear,
Beyond Gods Forbut, when he Swine Herd were,
Nor when he begged homewards, with diſgrace,
To the diſhonour of our Ancient Race,
You know what we have heard, but you forget,
And by my Faith, you ran us into Debt:
Beſides in queſtion you your Wiſdom call,
To grace a Rogue, who hath diſgrac'd us all.
Son quoth the Father, do not thus repine,
Thou art ſtill with me, all I have is thine;
Alas! he is thy Brother, and returned
From fatal Climes, where poorly he ſojourned;
He long was loſt, but he again was found,
And Heaven be bleſt, I have him ſafe and ſound;
I pray thee therefore, it's not meet we make,
Merry a little, for his loſt found Sake?
Sat, ſi bene, ſi male nimium.

AN

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

EXPOSTULATION

WITH

LOT's WIFE.

(*In Verse.*)

Uſher'd in with an Account of the Deſtruction of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the Neighbouring Towns and Villages on the Plains of *Jordan*.

That ſeeing God is Omniſcient and Juſt, and we muſt be accountable for every ſmall Offence, it therefore highly concerneth all Men to be very circumſpect; to lead a good and holy Life; for our Time on this Side the Grave, at longeſt, is but ſhort when compar'd with Eternity; wherefore we ought to account every Moment thereof a Monument of Mercy.

By PATRICK HAY, *Schoolmaſter of* Caſtleford, *a Northern Briton.*

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TO THE

READER,

'TIS Historied, that a Friend of Sir Thomas Moore's, *in King* Henry *the* VIIIths *Time, having writ a Book in Prose, desired Sir* Thomas's *Approbation thereof. He disliking it (yet unwilling to put his Friend out of Countenance) told him it would do better if it was turned into Verse; which accordingly he did. Now, said Sir* Thomas, *it will do, it's now Rhime, but before it was neither Rhime nor Reason.*

As for the Reasonableness of this Subject, the Authority of the Scriptures can sufficiently warrant; and as for the composure thereof into Verse, seeing it is plain and familiar, and suited to the Apprehensions of the meanest Capacities, I leave it to the Judgement of the Reader. 'Tis natural for an Author to think favourable of his own Works, therefore can be no competent Judge: He is like one in an Engagement in a Valley, so hurried with Fear, Confusion, and Noise, that when the Battle is over, he can give but a slender Account of that Days Transactions; whereas the Reader is like one standing on the Top of a Hill above the said Valley, viewing every Passage, and can give a better Account thereof than he that was engaged in the Battle; Wherefore I leave the whole to your candid Perusal.

PAT. HAY.

THE Sins of *Sodom Jordon*'s Plain defile,
Luxury, Whordom, Murder, Pride, and Guile;
Such heinous Sins for Vengence loudly cry,
And reach the Ears of God himſelf on high.
JEHOVAH ſaid, I am reſovl'd to go,
And ſee if all Things be ſo or no.
All o'er the Plain great wickedneſs abound,
Save righteous *Lot*, there were few Righteous found;
But Father *Abraham* to *JEHOVAH* ſpake,
To ſave *Gomorrah* for the Righteous Sake.
Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?
O let their Souls be precious in thy Sight.
Muſt upright Men with Reprobates be ſlain?
Far be't from thee, let mercy thee reſtrain.
Then ſaid the Lord, if I find Thirty there,
That righteous are, I will *Gomorrah* ſpare.
Within the City had there been but Five,
Then God had ſaved the Inhabitants alive.
Tranſcendent Goodneſs? the Ever-bleſſed Lord,
To pious Mortals, Mercy doth afford.
He ſent two Angels, bidding them relate,
His Will to *Lot* that ſat at *Sodom*'s Gate.
Now as thoſe Angels, clad in human Dreſs,
Paſt by, thus *Lot* thoſe Angles did carreſs:
Turn in, my Lords, the Day's far ſpent you ſee,
Turn in, my Lords, this night and lodge with me.
Then did thoſe Angels modeſtly reply,
Nay, in the Streets we are reſolved to lye.
Yet courteous *Lot* ne'er ceaſs'd, till in the End,
Thoſe bleſſed Angels both did condeſcend
To go with him; but e'er they were laid down,
Before his Doors was gathered all the Town.
Bring out thoſe men the citizens did cry;
Bring them to us or you and they ſhall die.
Ah! ſinful Crew, how can ye be forgiven,
That thus would ſlay th' Inhabitants of Heav'n?
Thou City *Sodom*, thus it's writ of thee,
That righteous *Lot* was vex'd thy ways to ſee;
His righteous Soul was griev'd, yet thou unmov'd,
Tho' this good Man thy Actions oft reprov'd

But all in Vain, ye ſhew'd your ſelves no pity,
'Till God with Fire burnt your ſinful City:
But leſt good *Lot* ſhould periſh there with thee,
The Angels ſaid, up to the Mountains flee;
Flee to the Mountains, take with thee thy Wife,
And look not back, go on to ſave thy Life.
Leave nought behind, make haſte, be of good Cheer,
We can do nought ſo long as ye ſtay here.
The ſacred Writ expreſly this relates,
The Angels handed them without the Gates.
From Heaven above, *JEHOVAH* mov'd with Ire,
Pour'd down on *Sodom* Brimſtone mix'd with Fire.
Conſum'd the Country, moſt of *Jordan*'s Plain,
Where did *Gomorrah*'s City once remain.
Let's haſte away, and talk of this no more,
Let's ſee if *Lot* has ſafely got to *Zoar*.
But ſtay, what's hear? a ſtatue void of Life,
This Salty Pillar's *Abraham*'s Nephew's Wife.
We will enquire, till we the Reaſon find,
We'll know the Cauſe why *Lot* left her behind.
What did the Angels take her by the Hand,
And led her forth, yet left her here to ſtand?
What e'ers the cauſe it ſeemeth very ſtrange,
That to her Body happen'd ſuch a Change;
For if her Limbs had fail'd, th' firey Flaſhes,
Had ſeiz'd upon her, turn'd her into Aſhes:
But what need I thus fondly to ſuppoſe;
That ſhe by Fire her natural Life did loſe;
Or that Diſeaſes ſeiz'd her in the Way:
This is the Cauſe, ſhe did not God obey.
It ſtill remains that I the Reaſon find,
Why ſhe forewarn'd, turn'd round, and look'd behind,
But why ſhe's chang'd I ſtand in Admiration,
To Bracky Salt, indeed a ſtrange Mutation.
The *Roman* Poet in his Book relates,
That ſeveral Things were turn'd to other Shapes;
Men into Trees, and Women into Stones,
And ſays that Min'rals have aſſumed Bones;
That Fleſh and Skin, with Sinewss Nerves, and Blood,
Clave to thoſe Bones, (Stones at *Deucalion*'s Flood)

Fictitious Stories in Romantick Hue;
All groundleſs Fables, thine is really true.
What heedleſs Fancy ſeiz'd thy rambling Brain?
Thou fooliſh wandring Thoughts didſt entertain.
You ſoon forgat your God who was ſo kind,
His ſhort Injunction ſlipt out of thy Mind,
Were ſhe alive, ſhe would alledge and ſay,
Alas! in haſte, great haſte, before 'twas Day,
I was thruſt out, left all, and came away.
I was too curious, turn'd me round to ſee,
If my dear Sons in-Law came after me:
I left my Houſe, my Goods, and all I had,
Enough to make the wiſeſt woman mad.
'Twas to thy God thou ow'd'ſt thy Life, thy Health,
Whom thou forgat'ſt, and thought upon thy Wealth.
Who gave thee Life? who Health? who Wealth? who Breath?
Who did redeem thy precious Soul from Death?
(Eternal Death) from which thou could'ſt not flee,
It was not thy God that was thus kind to thee.
Lo! here his Mercy was to thee extended;
And not thy Death; but Life thy God intended
He ſent two Angels, with expreſs command,
To guard you forth, and lead you by the Hand.
What greater Honour can the World ſuppoſe,
Than to be guarded, waited on by thoſe?
No Female Creature on her Wedding-Day,
Had ever gueſts of ſuch Account as they;
As were thoſe Gueſts that waited then on thee,
Save at the Marriage of *Cana* of *Galilee*.
Tranſcendent Goodneſs! Love beyond Compare,
That God to Earth ſhould thus vouchſafe his Care
That bleſſed Spirits which 'fore God's Face doth ſtand,
Sould condeſcend to lead you by the Hand.
Why ran your Thoughts upon your Sons-in-Law?
Why did not you of God's Word ſtand in awe?
Or muſt you view the City all in Flames?
With which Diſcourſe divert the *Belan* Dames.
It was no Time for you your Pace to ſlack;
You knew that Fire was juſt behind your Back.
Where was your Love? Nay, rather where your Fear?
Thou neither hadſt, for neither did appear.

Suppoſe an *Exile*, doom'd to be a Slave,
Yet by a Friend he might his Freedom have;
Would not the *Exile* think that Perſon kind,
And for the ſame retain a grateful Mind?
Nay, what is more; if by the Law's Decree
One doom'd to die, were by his Prince ſet free;
Would not he grant whate'er his Prince would crave?
Yes, all he had, if all his Prince would have.
For Life's more dear by far than worldly Wealth,
It is not fit to be compar'd to Health.
The Lord himſelf great Mercy did you ſhow,
And ſent you forth out from the Overthrow.
The Thing was ſmall that God, thy God enjoin'd you,
For this was all, you muſt not look behind you.
If you left Goods, the Lord could give you more,
And make you Richer than you were before.
If Men diſeaſ'd, poſeſs'd with ſtore of Wealth,
Would forfeit all to have their priſtine Health,
All worldly Goods, nay, all a Man enjoys,
Compar'd to Life, may well be term'd to Toys.
All Mundane Bodies are averſe to death,
For Life's purſu'd, by all endow'd with Breath,
The winged Train, and all the Birds of Prey,
At Man's Approach, make haſte to get away.
When they behold, and ſee that Danger's nigh,
They ſtraightway mount and ſoar up to the Sky.
A nat'ral inſtinct doth all Creatures teach,
To uſe Endeavours, to eſcape the reach
Of thoſe, that would their ſimple Lives enſnare,
But thou of thine didſt take but little Care.
If Foes purſue, would any uſe Delay?
They're ſurely mad, that haſten not away.
Till far removed from their Foes at laſt.
They can't be ſure that ev'ry Danger's paſt.
'Twas real Madneſs for uncertain Pelf,
To think on it, and yet forget thyſelf.
You ſure diſtruſted thoſe Cæleſtial Strangers,
When they forwarn'd you to eſcape from Dangers.
If in their Garb, or their Appearance, then
They did not differ (much) from earthly Men;
Yet did not this from their true Worth detract,
They prov'd themſelves of Heavenly Extract.

In

In that they ſmote the *Sodomites* with Blindneſs,
That ſought to hurt you, and did you a Kindneſs.
This ſingle Inſtance was enough to prove,
That they were ſent, and came from Heav'n above,
But when they ſaid, we'll overthrow this City,
Yet we will ſhew to you and yours great Pity,
Your Sons and Daughters, Sons in-Law, remove,
And what beſides you've here, that's worth your Love,
If after all ſhould you make this Objection,
That naming Sons it's argu'd Imperfection;
Yet had your Daughters Sons, thou was't their *Mother*,
As good old *Abraham* was thy Huſband's Brother.
Tho' flattering Gueſts ſtrange Stories may repeat,
(To pleaſe their Hearers) ſtuft with great Deceit;
Thou in the End (at leaſt) muſt this allow,
That what thoſe Angels ſaid was really true.
When we the Story of the old World trace,
We find that *Sodom*'s Sins do theirs efface.
When *Noah*'s Wife and Family were told,
That they ſhou'd them in *Gopher-wood* enfold:
They were content together to embark,
And take poſſeſſion of the *Gopher* Ark;
And there in Darkneſs ſometime did remain,
But thou hadſt Light on both Sides of thy Plain.
We never read that *Noah*'s Wife repin'd,
That *Noah*, that ſhe, were in the ark confin'd,
Full Forty Days it rain'd both Day and Night,
Nor did the Sun dart forth its glorious Light;
God did unbolt the Flood-gates of the Sky,
That Men by Inundation then might die.
As Death rewarded Sinners at thoſe Times,
So Death muſt puniſh *Sodom*'s grievous Crimes.
For equal Faults like Puniſhment require,
Howe'er perform'd, by Water, or by Fire.
Our ſaviour ſays, the Caſe with *Sodom* ſtood,
As't was with thoſe that liv'd before the Flood;
They eat, and drank, and built that very Day,
The Deluge came, and ſwept them all away.
They married Wives, they bought, they likewiſe ſold,
Then came the Flood that did them all enfold.
All Fleſh on Earth were drown'd you here muſt mark,
(At *Noah*'s Flood) but thoſe in *Noah*'s Ark:

But God reserv'd for thee a neighbouring City,
To entertain thee purely out of pity.
If in the Night when Men take their Repose,
A dreadful Fire should all the House inclose;
When Doors are shut, and all are fast asleep,
And *Phœbus* Rays are drench'd up in the Deep;
And if by chance a Traveller should pass by,
And see the Fire aloud, a Fire should cry,
And so awake the People from their Rest;
What must the Household do? what Way's the best?
They'll surely run, when burning Flames them drives,
They'll make great haste, and run to save their Lives.
At such a Time the Husband leaves his Wife,
And in great Fear he runs to save his Life.
Th' indulgent Mother leaves her loving Sons,
To save herself with speed away she runs.
They may expect to be consum'd to Ashes,
If they regard not those dire fiery Flashes.
This was the Case of your two Sons-in-Law,
All *Lot*'s Perswasions could not them withdraw;
For when he gave them Warning in the Morning,
They loo k'd upon't, like Mockery and Scorning;
Thou fled'st for Life, and yet did'st Death pursue,
Thy looking back do's make this Story true.
Th' *Assyrians* dropt their Garments in their haste,
Which *Joram*'s Servants in the Highway trac'd;
They left their Gold, their Tents, before 'twas Light,
And in Confusion fled in darksome Night.
Possest with Fear (great Fear th' *Assyrians* drives)
Away in haste they ran to save their Lives,
Like Bees disturb'd, that fly, and leave their Hives.
To leave your Riches did you much perplex,
A Thing too natural to the Female Sex.
Why did you dote upon those slippery Things.
That unto Mortals such distraction brings,
And like the Eagle fly away (with Wings.)
Thou brought no Riches when thou first drew Breath,
Nor could thou carry 'em with thee at thy Death.
All that are wise when Life lies at the Stake,
Will Life pursue, and worldly Things forsake.
For worldly Riches why should Mortals sorrow,
Since no Man knows but he may die To-morrow.

'Tis true, that Riches nat'ral Life defend,
A mod'rate Love of which God does commend,
But thine exceſſive, cauſ'd thy ſhameful End.
They're oft the Cauſe of Miſery and Woe,
And prove to Man his chief and only Foe.
As't was with *Dives*, when the Beggar cry'd
(That lay at's Gates) for Crumbs, but was deny'd.
They breed Debates, Contentions, Quarrels, Striſe,
And put a Period to Man's mortal Life.
'Mong potent Kings this Truth is often found,
That ſtrive to vanquiſh Neighbouring Princes round.
They do not only breed inteſtine Wars,
But in one Houſe they cauſe Debates and Jars.
They bring a Man with's Friend to point the Field,
And in that Place both die 'fore either yield;
Cauſe Men to Tyburn go againſt their Will,
That for the Love of Wealth Man's Blood did ſpill.
They Pride create, and their ambitious Nurſe,
Prove to their Owners oftentimes a Curſe.
Make Men licentious that on them depend,
Which brings them to ſome baſe untimely End,
The fineſt Gold is nought but earthly Duſt,
There's none that's Wiſe will on't impoſe their Truſt.
Whoe'er's endow'd with wealth, let them take care,
They dote not on it, leſt it them enſnare.
Do but obſerv't, it changes ſo,
A Man himſelf is oft his greateſt Foe.
Thoſe in Fevers naturally deſire,
To drink ſuch Liquors as increaſe the Fire.
Behold a Man whom's his Prince thought to prefer,
And Wealth, and Honour, on him to confer:
But mind the Wretch, how he himſelf excuſeth,
And mark the Offers which he here refuſeth.
The King intends to raiſe his Subjects Station,
To repreſent him in ſome Foreign Nation.
The Man alledges, there he was a Stranger,
And in his Journey may incur ſome Danger.
When he's abroad, his En'mies may conſpire
To rob his Coffers, ſet his houſe on Fire;
The change of Climates may impair his Health,
And careleſs Servants may conſume his Wealth.

A

Such Things as theſe, at once perplex his Mind,
But he ungrateful ſhould have ſuch declin'd,
And in the End declares he cannot come,
His great Affairs require him ſtill at home.
Behold! the Wretch himſelf prepares the Kniſe,
And whets it ſharp to take away his Life.
Hereat the King enraged was with Ire,
This ſlighty Anſwer ſet his Wrath on Fire.
Can ought appeaſe the King's provoked Wrath?
What can appeaſe it but the Subject's Death?
Tho' all at once with one Conſent ſhould cry,
This wretched Subject worthy is to die;
Yet ſhould his Sovereign ſave him on this Score,
That he would leave his Riches and his Store,
And in his Country ſhould appear no more;
We'd count him fooliſh ſhould he uſe delay,
And not in haſte (great haſte) make haſte away,
Tho' in the Night ſome Hours before the Day.
What Man's ſo mad as to offend in this,
Be diſobedient, careleſs, and remiſs?
All earthly Powers preſiding here below
Have Deputations from above, we know;
Yet they on earth o'er Subjects rule an ſway,
And can enforce Inferiors to obey,
But who refuſes makes their Lives a Prey.
Th' Affronts the more, by how much they're the Greater,
That are deny'd in ſome ſmall trifling Matter:
As God's far greater than an earthly King;
Thy Sin was greater in this very Thing;
That he in Mercy had thy Safety ſought,
But thou regardleſs thy Deſtruction wrought.
Are earthly Kings impower'd on earth to ſway?
The King of Kings has far more Pow'r than they.
Tho' they from God have all their Pow'r deriv'd,
Yet is not God of Sov'reign Pow'r depriv'd:
For he's the Source, the Fountain, and the Spring,
Whence earthly Power flows to an earthly King.
As ſure as Nights ordain'd for Man's Repoſe,
And th'Evening does the ſetting Sun encloſe:
So ſure ſhall they deprived be of Life,
That ſlight their God with Lot's ungrateful Wife.

As one to Tyburn, though from Sodom fled,
Tho' highly honour'd, and by Angels led.
Old Abram counted Ephron for his Cave
In the Land of Mamre, wherein Sarah's Grave,
Four hundred Shekels, he to Ephron weigh'd,
And had the Field and Cave to him convey'd.
But honeſt Lot was put to no Expence,
Thou gratis hadſt a Tomb of laſting Fence,
For lo! thy Body's in a ſalty Urn,
Which neither Rain can melt, nor Fire can burn,
The ſplended Sun, has o'er thy Corps no Pow'r
Its Force can't penetrate thro' this ſalty Bow'r.
Thy covetous Mind ſo hank'ring after Pelf,
Procur'd thy Death, ſo thou may thank thyſelf,
Let m n improve each Moment of their Time,
And fix their Thoughts on Things that are ſublime.
All worldly Treaſures are but worthleſs Toys,
When they're compar'd to everlaſting Joys;
Regardleſs Woman! when thy God convey'd
Thee out of Danger, was't thou not afraid
To turn thee round when Brimſtone mix'd with Fire,
Was pour'd from Heaven in JEHOVAH's Ire.
That every Moment wherein thou did'ſt halt,
Thou then was't chang'd, converted into Salt.
'Twixt Zoar and Sodom, (diſpoſſeſs'd of Life)
Thou fixed ſtands, thou Lot's ungrateful Wife;
Thy ſeaſon'd Body never will decay,
Nor be removed till the latter Day.
When thou ſtood ſtill why was not Lot ſurpriz'd
To ſee his Wife ſo ſoon, ſo much diſguiſ'd;
That he look'd back, it no where doth appear;
But ſtill went on, poſſeſt with godly Fear
He was more carful to preſerve his Life,
Than think on thee, his diſobedient Wife.
The ſing'lar Mercy God on him conferr'd,
From Looking-back this righteous Man deter'd,
Tho' Bela was as wicked as the reſt,
And Sodom's Sins did all the Place infeſt:
Yet God was pleas'd to manifeſt his Pity,
At Lot's Requeſt to ſpare that little City.

Where with great Safety thou might'ſt have arriv'd,
But Looking back thou waſt of Life depriv'd,
Who was the Mourners when thy Life expir'd?
There was not one, for every one retir'd
We never read that any one drew near,
And for thy Sake did ſhed a mournful Tear.
The ancient Prophet did his Brother lament,
[That honour'd Seer] that was from Juda ſent:
Which 'gainſt the Alter, Bethel's Alter cry'd,
And by a Lion fierce in nature dy'd.
Lot thy Husband never thee lamented,
Nor thy Daughters ne'er ſeem'd diſcontented.
Bethel's Prophet cry'd, Alas! my Brother,
Who pity'd thee? and cry'd, Alas! my Mother.
The Prophets Bones were by his Brother interr'd,
But no ſuch Honour was on thee conferr'd,
Facing Sodom, with thy back to Zoar,
Thou'lt in that Poſture ſtand till Time's no more,
The chief Phyſician did thy Corps embalm,
But pray what Clerk gave out the Fun'ral Pſalm?
Thy Mother Earth deny'd to entertain thee,
And ſaid, her Bowels never ſhould contain thee.
O wond'rous Strange! a Monſter ſure indeed,
That Terra ſhould deny her Nat'ral Seed.
For Diſobedience thou at God's Command,
Embalm'd in Salt, upon the Earth muſt ſtand.
Here wicked Sodom hath God's Laws abus'd,
So hath Lots Wife his mercy once refus'd,
By theſe Examples learn what to eſchew,
And thence conclude what you're oblig'd to go
Mark how the Bees, th' induſtrious Bees do act;
They Honey from the Bittereſt Herbs extract.
Did Man conſider he account muſt give,
Whilſt here alive, he'd circumſpectly live.
Sure Men forget (tho' it ſeems very odd,)
That they muſt die, or that there is a God.
That there's a God, there's nought can be ſo ſure,
Which always was, and always will endure;
An Omniſcient God, from whoſe All-ſeeing Eye,
There's nothing hid from all Eternity.

All

All Things at once lie open to his View,
What is to come he knows, what's paſt he knew!
He ſees Mens Actions, views their inward Parts,
For he alone's the Searcher of all Hearts.
'Tis not the Diſtance of a Foreign Place,
Nor yet the Darkſome Night can vail his Face;
There's nought ſo Secret but he can eſpy,
And find it out with his All-ſeeing Eye.
No poliſh'd Wit, no Greatneſs will take Place;
God looks not on the Beauty of his Face.
For he's impartial, let the World take Heed,
He will reward men according to their Deed.
Let wretched Man be full aſſur'd of this,
Then would he ſtand in awe to do amiſs.
Fraud and Deceit, would ceaſe, the Rich would not
Oppreſs the Poor; Rebels ceaſe to Plot.
No Murder, Whordom, in this World would be,
From fear of Robbers Travellers would be free:
All Hatred, Malice, would be done away,
With Concupiſcence, Carnal Luſt decay.
Ambitious Souls no Honours would purſue,
They'd acquieſce, the Proud their Pride ſubdue.
Men would not ſwear, nor take Gods Name in vain,
Nor falſify their Oath for Love of Gain,
Seditions, Envyings, Strife, and Emulation,
With Lies would ceaſe, and bad Communication.
Would any Fool his precious Soul enſlave?
There's no Redemption for it in the Grave.
Man's Days at moſt, King David terms a Span,
When they expire, he waxeth weak and wan.
And if he live until accounted old,
Yet waſte his time much like a tale that's told,
And then proceeds, for David thus goes on,
Time flies away, and quickly we are gone.
Death is a Debt all mortal Men muſt pay,
All Beings elſe, compoſ'd of Earth and Clay.
And after Death we muſt to Judgement come,
That every Man may have his final Doom.
We muſt account for every ſmall Offence,
For he's a God that Juſtice doth diſpenſe.

Shall Man the nobleſt of the World's Creation?
That's Lord of all without all Diſputation;
Who has implanted reaſon in his Nature,
Unman himſelf be like a Bruiſh Creature.
A Brute's all Earth, the Earth its proper Centre,
But Heaven or Hell's the Place Man's Soul ſhould enter.
Had Man, like Brutes no more account to give,
Whilſt here on earth he unconcern'd might live.
Had Man Aſſurance that ten thouſand years,
He here ſhould live let this increaſe his Fears.
That when the ſame ten thouſand Years are paſt,
He muſt prepare himſelf for death at laſt.
Let all men live ſo as not fear to die,
And die that they may live Eternally.
Ah! woful Souls whom God does doom to Hell,
Whoſe everlaſting Fire nought can expel.
Whoſe gnawing Worm of Torment never dies,
No Souls are pity'd for their hidious Cries.
There's no Redemption from that wretched State,
Men may repent, but ſtill repent too late.
When twice ten thouſand Million years are paſt,
Eternity renews thoſe years at laſt.
Thrice bleſt are they, their joys are paſt Expreſſion,
Whoſe Sou's have heavenly Manſions in Poſſeſſion.
May God us all, out of his boundleſs Grace,
(In his good time) bring to this bleſſed Place.

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FINIS.